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THE WRONGHEADS: A POEM.

Inscrib'd to Mr. *POPE.*

By a PERSON *of* QUALITY.

Ille sinistrorsum, hic dextrorsum abit; unus utrique
Error, sed variis illudit partibus.—— HOR.

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A

POEM,

Inscribed to Mr. POPE.

THE
WRONGHEADS:
A
POEM.

SHALL knaves and fools command the world's ap-
applauſe,
And cenſure 'ſcape, becauſe they 'ſcape the laws?
No——*Pope* forbids, and, fir'd with honeſt rage,
Reſolves to mend, as well as charm the age;
Nor fears the cauſe of virtue to defend,
Nor bluſhes to confeſs himſelf her friend.
Hail, gen'rous bard! fair virtue ſmiles to ſee
Thy toil, deſign'd by her and heav'n for thee.
Bravely proceed;——chaſtiſe the vain, the proud,
Nor heed the murmurs of the guilty crowd;
Point out the follies of the rich and great;
Mark the Plebean ſoul diguis'd in ſtate;
Diſcloſe the meanneſs of the P——'d train;
Thy theme will laſt while fools and knaves remain.
Behold, you little ſage, the orphan's curſe,
With more than T——n's plunder in his purſe,

In

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In plenty ſtarving, and with wealth unbleſs'd,
Not full, ſtill craving more, of much poſſeſs'd;
At Mammon's ſhrine fame, virtue, faith lays down,
And pawns his venal ſoul for half a crown;
The ſordid arts of profit ſtill purſues,
Nor dares one mite of all his treaſure uſe.
Untouch'd the hoarded ſum ignobly lies,
Nor eaſe, nor pleaſure, nor content ſupplies.
Great was his bliſs in heaping up the ſtore,
That toil once paſs'd, he can enjoy no more:
The crowded Bags unpleas'd his eyes behold,
The joy is over when the ſum is told.
Nor further can his ſordid mind conceive,
Nor ought of bliſs beyond can riches give.
A breaſt ſo void no gen'rous pity fills,
Unmov'd at others good and others ills:
In vain the naked ask, the hungry teaſe;
Nor clothes to thoſe he gives, nor bread to theſe.
Think not, to others wants his hand ſupplies
What almoſt to himſelf his heart denies.
Curs'd with a niggard ſoul the wretch repines,
And grudges the expence whene'er he dines:
Tho' beef twice-boil'd his meal, with *P*———*n*'s bub,
And ſix-pence chang'd defrays the frugal club.
What means this care, this voluntary pain,
Riches unus'd, and treaſures heap'd in vain?

Is it to bleſs at the laſt gaſp of life,
The virtuous daughter, or the faithful wife?
Is it to raiſe a ſon to pow'r and fame,
And on a firm foundation build a name?
No,———ſtrangers muſt perform his obſequies;
Nor tender wife remains to cloſe his eyes,
Nor ſon, nor daughter to attend his bier,
And o'er his breathleſs body ſhed a tear.
Friendleſs he lives, will unlamented die,
Without a tear, a ſorrow, or a ſigh;
While foreign hands his ill-got treaſures ſhare,
And riot waſtes the wealth he lov'd to ſpare.
Thus all the miſer's fruitleſs labours end,
Alike to others and himſelf a friend.
Thus periſh all, whoſe harden'd hearts refuſe
To ſhare thoſe bleſſings they can never uſe;
The ſame their merit, and the ſame their lot,
Deſpis'd when living, and when dead forgot.
In life's laſt ſtage, *Senecio* fain wou'd wed,
And ſmit with dotage courts the marriage-bed:
Full of the wiſdom of his ſixty years,
He fancies youth returns with ſilver hairs.
Firſt at the ball, and foremoſt at the play,
Awkwardly vain, and impotently gay,
He dreſſes, powders, dances, ſighs, and ſwears,
And talks of wounds, and charms and op'ra airs.

Fond man be wiſe, thy weak attempts forbear,
Nor hope to pleaſe the young, the gay, the fair.
Briſk *Coquetilla* ſees thy fancy'd pain;
Her tongue ſpeaks anger, and her eyes diſdain;
From thy ſepulchral arms with horror runs,
And, like diſeaſe, thy cold embraces ſhuns:
Her heart now burns with all love's youthful fires,
Warm wiſhes, eager hopes, and fierce deſires.
The ſource of joys ſprings mutual from the heart,
Which only they can feel who can impart.
Thy calm dull length of life no paſſion knows,
No genial ardour in thy boſom glows;
Thro' frozen veins thy lazy currents move,
And nature tells thee, 'tis too late to love.
Obſerve that loving pair of doubtful fame,
Alike in all things, if alike in name.
How well their humours and affections join
The joys of *Venus* with the joys of wine!
How high the raptures, and the flames how great,
When *Bacchus* helps to make the bliſs compleat!
Bleſs'd union, which from minds exhalted flows,
And far beyond the reach of reaſon glows!
Let ſober prudes ſeverer morals teach,
And gravely practiſe what they gravely preach;
Let female tongues the gen'reus deed aſſail,
Let envy ſneer, and pride inceſſant rail;

Let

Let the whole town condemn, let malice blaſt;
Love and a bottle are the joys that laſt.

Mark how the *Yorkſhire* V———r courts a name,
The boaſt of ſchiſm, and the prieſthood's ſhame;
Vext with his mother C———h he liſts his head,
And damns the means by which he gets his bread;
Sworn ſcourge to B——ps, and ſworn foe to ſenſe,
With little learning, and great impudence,
Repeats the old, dull, vile invectives o'er
Of pride and prieſtcraft, and the *Roman* whore;
At all religions ſhakes his impious rod,
And pays his———more honour than his God.
Write *B*——, write, while *Osborne* joys to ſee
A ſecond *T*——*l* thus revile in thee:
True to the laſt the good old cauſe defend,
And may thy labours like *B*———*s*'s end.

Who wou'd not laugh the frantic zeal to ſee
Of *B*——— *B*——— *B*——— and *M*———?
Sage *H*——— counſels from the chair in vain,
While ſchiſm growls and bites th' uneaſy chain.
O *S*——*r-S*——*t!* what conflicts haſt thou known,
What ſtrife, what rage, what diſcords, all thy own!
Mad with the projects of miſtaken zeal,
Thy patriots ſlight the bleſſings which thy feel;
With eaſe grown wanton, with indulgence bold,
They ask new favours, and forget the old;

And, like their bleſt forefathers, long to prove
That neck or nothing is the pace they love.
Ye wild continuers of an air-built ſcheme,
Awake to ſenſe, and think your hopes a dream;
In caution, prudence, and in peace excel,
Learn wiſdom, be content, and know you're well:
For this the moral of this tale purſue;
The tale is old, the application's new.
It chanc'd a maſtiff (as ſome authors ſay)
Once made a quarter of a ſheep his prey;
Safe thro' the level mead in haſte he hies,
And ſeems contented with the welcome prize:
But when he tries the neighb'ring ſtream to paſs,
And downward looks upon the wat'ry glaſs,
Another quarter in the mirror clear,
Did all ſo fat, and like his own appear,
No dog, that mutton lov'd, cou'd well forbear:
The fair reflected image glides before,
And tempts his glutton maw with hopes of more.
Then thus he reaſons:——now I plainly ſee
One ſhare's too ſcanty for a dog like me.——
Why to my lot ſhou'd one poor quarter fall?
Ev'n half's too little,——when I merit all.
Of half my ſervice a demand may make,
Then half, in juſtice to myſelf, I'll take.

Thus

Thus he resolves;——then strains with all his might,
To catch the image which deceives his sight:
Eager he opens his rapacious chops,
Quits his firm hold, and down the booty drops;
But finds his av'rice, by his folly cross'd,
To gain a shadow had the substance lost.
Lo *Bentley* like unto a monarch stands,
And deals out censures with unsparing hands:
O'er all the land of letters reigns alone;
Bids *Greece* and *Rome* pay homage to his throne;
Calls all the sons of wit to show their claim,
And prove their right to everlasting fame.
In vain they plead that time their titles clears,
A long possession of a thousand years;
That ages past cou'd ne'er in question draw,
Nor in their antient tenure find a flaw.
In vain:——he must revise their old pretence,
Review their right to poetry and sense;
Alter, correct, and mould them to his mind,
And make them speak the words they least design'd.
Enough, dread critic, to thy spleen is given;
Sure you and learning now are fairly even.
Content, enjoy thy triumphs gain'd, at last,
Nor think to add new glories to the past:
But spight of sev'nty hold thy murdering quill,
And suffer *Milton* to be *Milton* still.

All

All say Sir *Vainlove*'s fine estate is fled;
Yet still works on his maggot-breeding head.
Extended vista's now are all his care,
And distant hills thro' op'ning glades appear:
From field to field his eye delights to rome,
While things of use unheeded rest at home.
Within, what sums in furniture are lost,
In garrets hid, or into corners tost!
Rich beds, in dusty chests neglected laid,
The master's vain unmeaning cost upbraid.
In naked rooms see *Venio*'s figures stare,
To shame the lavish hand that plac'd them there.
The whole an inconsistent scene we find,
A perfect emblem of the owner's mind;
Where all appears in wild disorder cast,
And that which shou'd be first still proves the last.
Now hounds and horses are his only joy,
And all the huntsman's toils his thoughts employ.
But hold,——some true dwarf beagles must be found
Fit for a pigmy 'squire on fairy ground.
'Tis done; the *Lilliputian* pack's compleat,
So staunch, tho' small, so loud, and yet so sweet;
They wait the call, impatient to be try'd:
And let them wait;——the knight must learn to ride.
To books his curious fancy then he turns,
And with the learned hint impatient burns;

Sage

Sage G——applauds the wiſe deſign,
And in the pleaſing task vouchſafes to join:
And lo! the ſhelves the ſhining volumes grace,
So nicely fitted to the meaſur'd ſpace:
Quarles, Bunyan, Blackmore, Dennis, Toland, Tate,
Now leave the well-known rails by *Bedlam* gate,
New-bound, adorn'd, in gold and crimſon trim;
While the baulk'd grocers curſe the awkward whim.
Pleas'd with a work to ſuch perfection wrought,
The utmoſt effort of his lab'ring thought,
With inward glee he views it round and round,
And ſwears——the beſt collection to be found.
And ſo it is for all the knight can tell;
His honour ſeldom condeſcends to ſpell.

Now love demands his right: love, genial power,
Claims the ſoft moment and the tender hour.
The jealous god ſurvey'd his own diſgrace,
Beheld each paſſion in its turn take place;
With indignation ſaw his fires delay'd,
His ſhrines neglected, and his rites unpay'd;
At length, reſolv'd his empire to maintain,
And bring the rebel to his chains again,
A faithful vot'ry calls, and bids her prove
Her pow'rful charms to raiſe the flames of love;
Dart forth the keeneſt light'nings of her eye,
And all the ats of female beauty try;

Commaſid

Command freſh roſes on the cheek to blow,
With brighter rubies teach the lip to glow;
Prepare the neck with purer white to ſhine,
And help the hair in artful rings to twine.
The tempting bait ſucceeds: the knight admires
The pleaſing form, and feels the wonted fires;
Thro' ev'ry vein the am'rous fever flies,
Glews in his heart, and ſparkles in his eyes.
Eager he ſeiz'd, and bore the prize away,
But found the beauteous phantome turn'd to——
Vext at his fate the luckleſs lover ſighs,
And tells his ſorrows to th' unpitying skies:
Not *Weld*, when ſhe perceiv'd her hopes delay'd,
And three whole years a wife, ſtill prov'd a maid,
Was e'er with ſuch impatient wiſhes toſt,
As he to find his favourite purpoſe croſs'd.
Lo! theſe the toils thy inſpiration own,
Inventive folly, theſe thy deeds alone.
Reaſon in vain directs the guiding rule,
And arts but poliſh to compleat the fool.
The miſer's wants, the atheiſt's impious ſcheme,
The pedant's taſte, the ſpendthrift's golden dream;
Such are the gifts theſe fruitful ſprings impart,
An empty head, and a corrupted heart:
But theſe are only part; a num'rous train,
Inverted rules, miſtaken ſchemes remain;
To name them all wou'd tire ten *Templars* tongues,
Or *Cibber's* birth-day muſe, or *Budgel's* lungs.

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